

*Elsie Johnston*

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HIGH KEY.

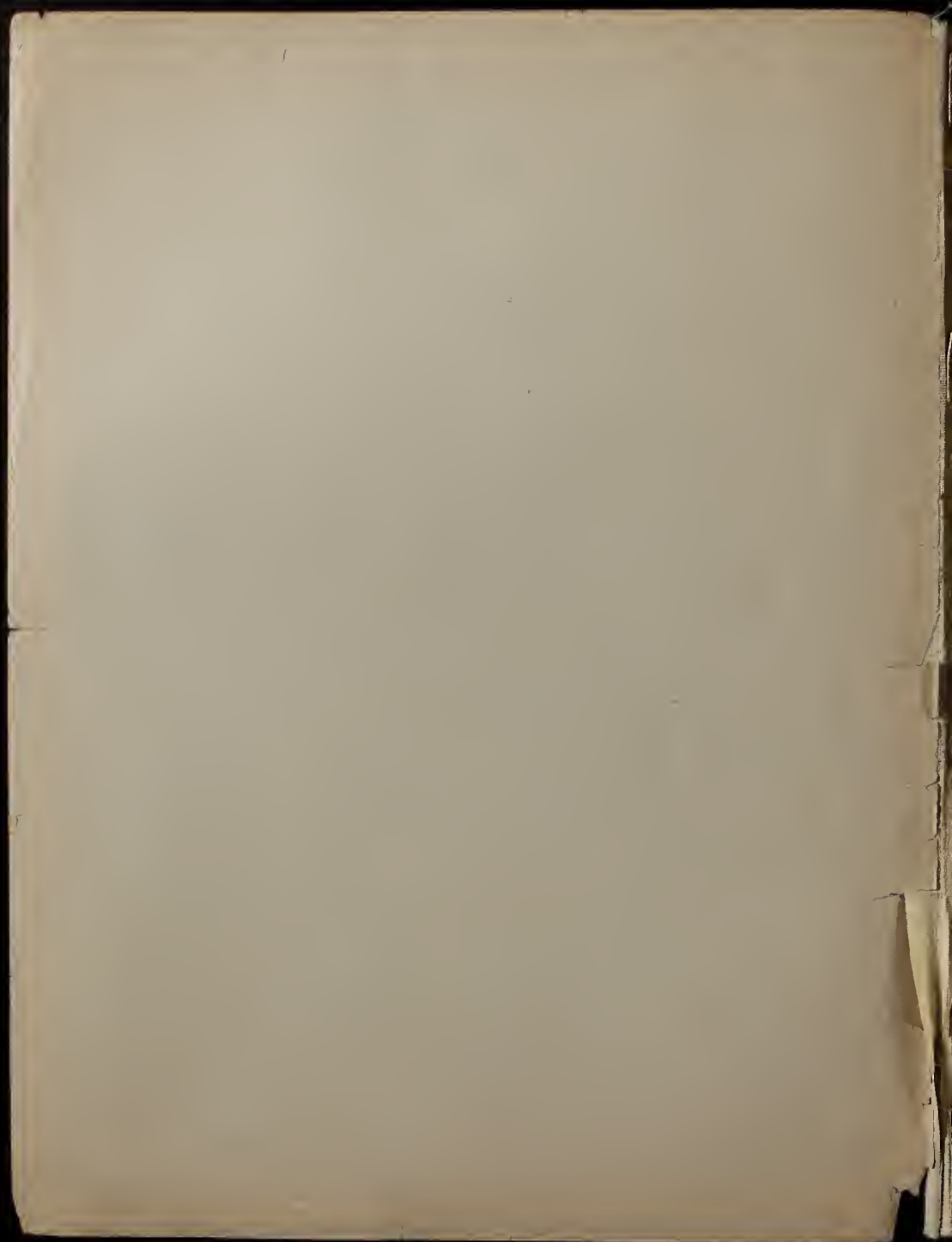


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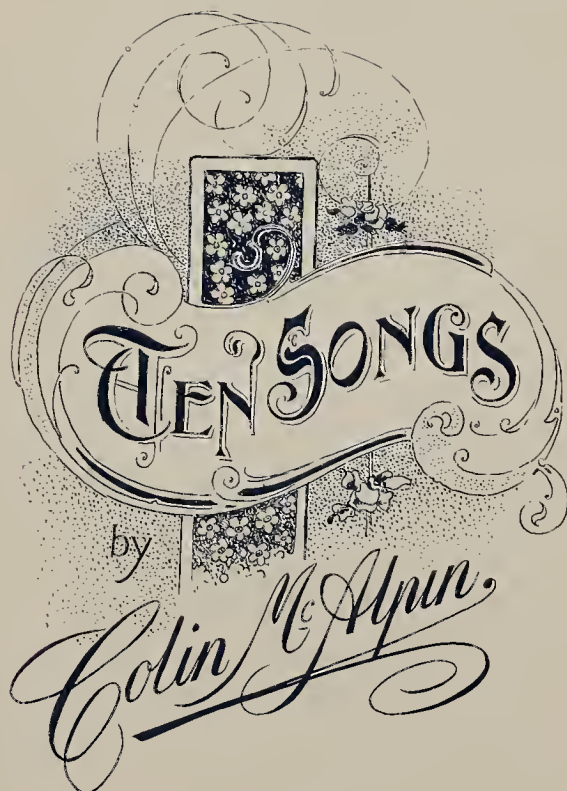
WINNIPEG MAN.  
353 Main St.

TORONTO ONT.  
158 Yonge St.



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# THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

H. COLERIDGE.

No 1.

COLLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Andante.* *p*

Voice.

1. She is not fair to out-ward  
2. But now her looks are coy and

Piano.

view, As ma - ny mai - dens be: Her love - li - ness I nev - er knew, un - til she  
cold... To mine they neer re - ply, And yet I cease not to be - hold the love - light

*poco accel.* *f* *Tempo*

smiled on me; Oh then I saw her eye was bright,  
in her eye; Her ve - ry frowns are sweet - - er far,

*poco rall.* *mf*

*p*

A well of love, a spring of light.  
Than smiles of o - ther mai - dens are.

*Tempo* *poco rall.*

## SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

No 2.

BYRON.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Con moto.* *mf*

Voice.

1. She walks in beau - - ty  
 2. One shade the more one  
 3. And on that cheek and

Piano.

*mf*

*Pedal throughout.*

like the night Of cloud - less  
 ray the less Had half im -  
 o'er that brow So soft, so

climes and star - - - ry skies  
 paired the name - - - less grace  
 calm, yet el - - - o - quent



And all that's best of dark and  
Which waves in ev'ry ra-ven  
The smiles that win the tints that

bright Meet in her as-pect and her  
tress Or soft-ly light-ens o'er her  
glow But tell of days in good-ness

eyes. Thus mel-low'd to that ten'-der light which  
face. Where thoughts se-rene-ly sweet, ex-  
spent. A mind at peace with all be-

Heav'n to gaud-y day de-nies.  
press, How pure, how dear their dwell-ing place.  
low, A heart whose love is in-no-cent.

## ELEGY.

No 3.

BYRON.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Adagio. mp*

Voice.

1. Oh! snatch'd a - way in beau - ty's bloom, On thee shall  
2. And oft by yon blue gush - ing stream, shall Sor - row

Piano.

*p*

press no pon - drous tomb, But on thy turf shall ro - ses  
lean her droop - ing head, And feed deep thought with man - yas

rear their leaves, the ear - liest of the year, And the wild ey - press  
dream and ling - ring pause and light - ly tread, Fond wretch! as if their

wave in ten - der gloom.  
step dis - turb'd the dead!



3. A - way! we know that tears are vain, That death nor

heads nor hears dis - tress: Will this un - teach us to com - plain? Or make one mourner

weep the less? And thou who tell'st me to for - get - for - get, — Thy looks are

*dim. e rall.*

wan, thine eyes — are wet.

*pp*

## A FADED VIOLET.

No 4.

SHELLEY.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Moderato.* *mf*

Voice. The o - dour from the flow'r is gone which like thy kiss - es

Piano. *mp*

breath'd on me; The col - our from the flow'r is flown, which glow'd of thee and

on - ly thee! A shri - vell'd, life - less, - va - cant form it lies on my a -

ban - don'd breast And mocks the heart which yet is warm with cold and ei -

*lento rest.* *f*  
I weep, my tears re - vive it not!

*marc.*  
*legato*

*legato* *slower*  
I sigh - it breathes no more on me;

*slower*

*a tempo*  
Its mute and un - com - plain - ing lot,

*a tempo*

*rall. e dim.*  
Is such as mine, as mine should

*rall. e dim.*

*bo.* *accel.* *pp*

## SLUMBER SONG.

No 5.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Andante.* *mp*

Voice.

1. God speed thee pret - ty an - gel, Thy mis - sion to this  
 2. Thine eyes re - flect Heav'n's near - ness, Twin lakes of a - zure

Piano.

*p*

*With Pedal.*

earth; On gleam - ing rays thou stream - est, For God hath giv'n thee birth, Ce -  
 blue; Thysmiles and guile-less laugh - ter, Man's hope and faith re - new; Oh,

les - tial mansions leav - ing be - yond be - span - gled skies, Liv - ing in pure con -  
 may the years ne'er tarnish, the child - soul from a - bove; Nev - er may time al -

tent - ment as light of lov - ing eyes.  
 low thea - thou per - feet thought of God.

*pp*



## MUSIC, WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE.

SHELLEY.

Nº 6.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Grave.*  
*mp*

Voice. Mu-sic, when soft voi - ces die, — Vi-brates in the me-mor-

Piano. *p*

y- O - dours, when sweet vio - lets sick-en, Live with-in the sense they quick-en,

*mp*

Roseleaves, when the rose is dead, Are heap'd for the be - lov - ed's bed and so thy thought when

*rit. p slower*

thou art gone, — art gone, — Love it - self shall slum - ber on.

*rit. pp slower*



## A WIDOW-BIRD.

No 7.

SHELLEY.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Andantino.* *p*

Voice. A wi - dow - bird sat mourn - ing

Piano. *p legg.*

for her love, Up - on a win-try bough;

The fro - - zen wind crept on a - bove,

— The free-zing stream be - low. There was no

leaf up - on the for - set bare No flow'r up - on the ground;

*p ad lib.*

*colla voce*

*a tempo* And lit - tie mo - tion -

*mp*

in the air, ex - cept the mill - wheels sound. A wi - dow -

*pp*

bird, sat mourn - ing.

*rall.* *a tempo* *accl.*

*rall.* *a tempo* *sempre leggiero e dim.*

## THOU WOULD'ST BE LOVED.

No 8.

E. A. PGE.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Declamando.*  
*mf*

Voice. Thou would'st be lov'd, then let— thine— heart— from its pre-sent path-way

Piano. *mf colla voce*

part not! Being ev-ry-thing which now thou art, be noth-ing which thou art—

not. So with the world thy gen - tle— ways, thy grace, thy more than beau-ty, Shall

*Adagio.*  
*p*

be an end-less theme of praise, And— love a sin-ple du - - ty.

# A LAMENT.

15

SHELLEY.

No 9. (a)

GOLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Adagio appassionata.*

Voice.

*mf*

O world,

Piano.

*p*

life, — o time, on whose last steps I climb, —

Trembling at that where I had stood be-fore.

*ad lib.*

When will re-turn,

When will 're-turn the glo -



- ry of your prime? Nev - er more, o nev - er more; *rall.*

*mf* *p* *rall.*

*pp* *Con moto.* *f*

nev - er more! Out of the day and night a

*rit.* *rit.* *mp*

joy has ta - ken flight, Fresh spring and

*Tempo primo.*

sum - mer and win - ter hoar, Move my faint heart with grief! -



But with de-light no more, but with de-light, nev-er

more; Nev-er more, nev-er more, o nev-er

more! Nev-er more, o nev-er more, nev-er

more.

## A LAMENT.

No 9. (b)

SHELLEY.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Andante.*

Voice. *mf*

Piano. *mp*

Swift - ter than the sum - mer's flight,

Swift - ter far than youth's de-light, Swift - ter far than hap - py night, —

Art thou come and gone. As the earth when leaves are dead,

As the night when sleep is sped, As the heart when joy is fled,

I am left a - lone.

The swal - low Summer comes a - gain, The ow - let Night re -

sumes her reign, But the wild swan Youth is fain to fly with thee, false as

*ff accel.*

thou! My heart each day de-sires the mor-row, Sleep it-self is turned to

*colla voce*

*rit.*

sor-row; Vain-ly would my Win-ter bor-row, Sun-ny leaves from an-y

*ff* *rit.*

*a tempo* *mp*

bough. Li-lies for a

*a tempo* *mp* *p*

bri-dal bed, Ro-ses for a ma-tron's head, Vio-lets for a



mai - den dead, pan - sies let my flow - ers be; On the liv - ing

*rall.* *Grave.* *p*

grave I bear, Scat - ter them with - out a tear; Let no friend, how -

*rall.* *pp*

ev - er dear, — Waste one hope, one fear for me, — for

*molto rall.* *pp*

*pp molto rall.*

me.

*rall. e dim.*

*marcato* *PPP*



## THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS.

No 10.

BYRON.

COLIN Mc ALPIN.

*Moderato.* *mp*

Voice.

Piano.

*p*

*Pedal throughout.*

1. There be  
2. And the

none of Beau-ty's daugh-ers, With a ma-gic like  
mid- night-moon is wea-ving her bright chain o'er the

thee; And like mu-sic on the wa-ters is thy sweet  
deep; Whose breast is gent-ly heav-ing, as an

voice to me: When, as if its sound were  
in-fant's a sleep: So the spi-rit bows be-

*mf*

caus - ing the charm - ed o - cean's pau -  
fore thee, to list - en and a - dore

- sing. thee. The With a

*poco rit.*

*a tempo* waves lie still and gleam - ing and the  
full but soft e - mo - tion like the swell of

*rall.*

*pa tempo*

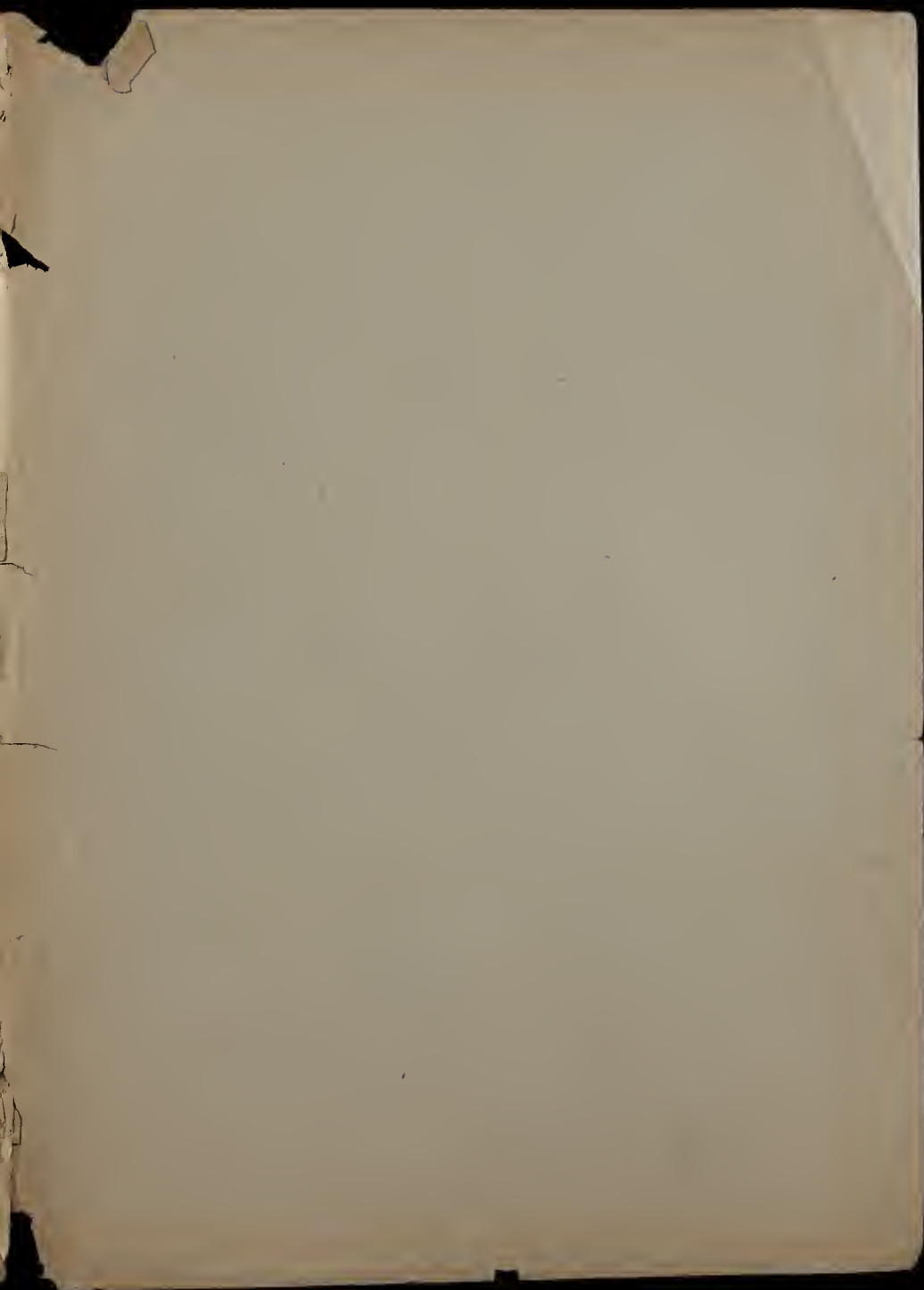
After 2nd Verse.

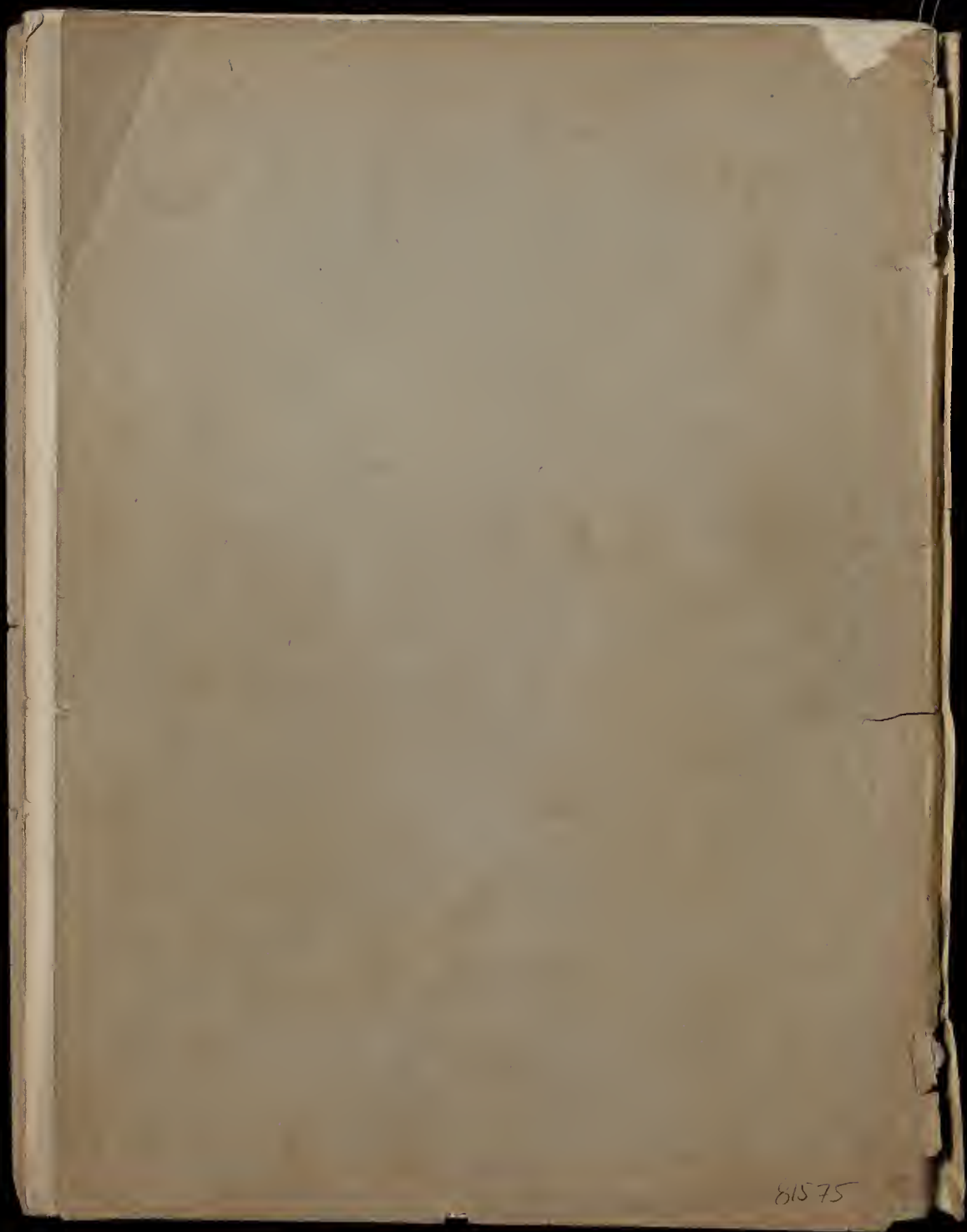
lull'd winds seem dream - ing.  
sun - mer's o - cean.

*dim.* *pp*

After 2nd Verse.

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